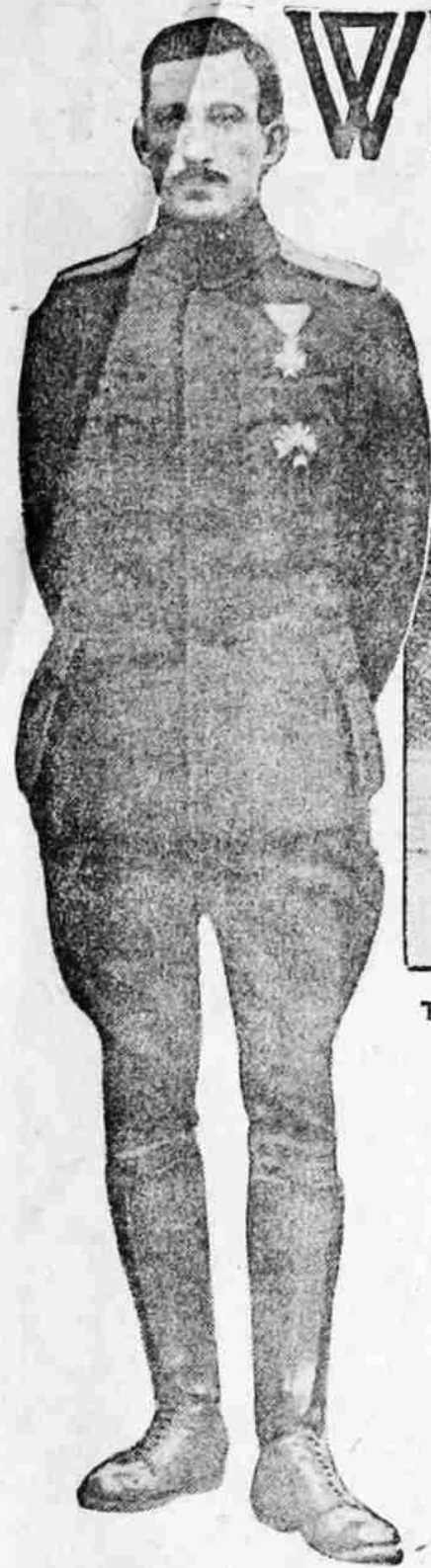


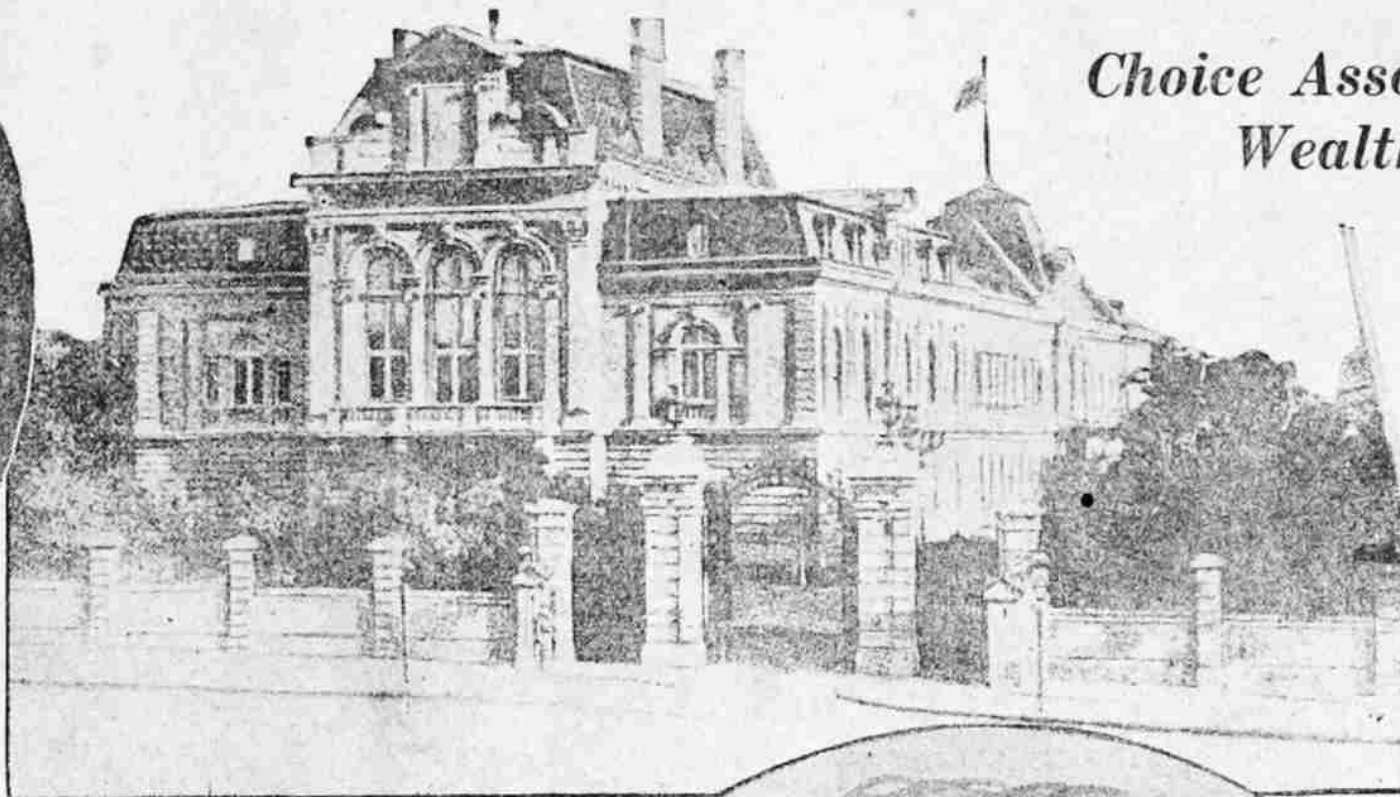
Which Yankee Heiress Will King Boris Choose?

Choice Assortment of Beauty, Youth and Wealth That Awaits the Hard-Up Bulgarian Monarch When He Comes Here on His Hunting Trip

A Bulgarian shepherd who wishes Boris luck in his search for a rich bride because it will make taxes lower



Young King Boris, who admires American girls and is expected to seek one for his bride



The royal palace at Sofia, which would be an ideal spot for a honeymoon if King Boris could raise a few thousand dollars to repair the leaky roof and put in bath tubs and other modern conveniences



Miss Joan Whitney, one of the many charming American heiresses whom the King will view with interest



Miss Geraldine Miller, who wouldn't bring Boris much of a dowry, but would make him a beautiful queen and also give him a beautiful mother-in-law



Miss Alice De Lamar, wealthy and charming enough for any king



Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, who has all the qualities that should appeal to a financially embarrassed, beauty-loving bachelor like King Boris



Miss Ellen Mackay looks as if she were running away from Boris with all her millions

"WOULD you prefer to marry a pretty American girl rather than a practical one?"

Young King Boris of Bulgaria was the target of that direct and somewhat embarrassing question. He did not stare coldly at the inquisitive person who dared quiz a monarch and call for the guard to relieve him of the questioner and the embarrassment. That is not the way of kings to-day.

Instead he paused for a moment to revolve in his mind that matter of choice which many young American men of his age have presented to themselves. Apparently King Boris had thought it over before, too, for his reply was soon ready.

"Well," he answered, "all American girls are pretty, are they not?"

Gallantly said, King Boris, and as neat a piece of diplomatic repartee as the courts of Europe have heard for many a day.

But what would his majesty have replied if the question had been put to him thus:

"Would you rather marry a rich American girl or a poor one?"

Ah, then King Boris would have been hard put to it for an answer that would pass as diplomatic. And if he had ceased to be diplomatic and had been simply truthful it seems very certain that the sovereign would have spoken royally and briefly:

"Rich—very rich."

For a queen who is pretty or practical, or both, is not what is needed in miserable, bankrupt Bulgaria. Little help would be a queen who, like the royal lady of the nursery rhyme, would spend her time in the kitchen practically spreading bread with honey. No, she must be able to take the place of the king in the counting house, counting out the money—her money. And who is better equipped for that purpose, ask European royalty and nobility, than a wealthy American girl?

The royal and noble families of other countries of Europe have gone and done likewise in lesser measure. Quite recently there has been a splendid example before his very eyes, when Mrs. W. B. Leeds, widow of the multi-millionaire tinplate magnate, became the Princess Anastasia of Greece, pouring much gold, it is said, into the drained coffers of the Hellenes.

A Yankee heiress may mean salvation to the Bulgars and their monarchs. Small wonder, then, that it is strongly rumored that King Boris contemplates a trip to America at no distant date.

The matter is urgent. A national emergency may be said to exist. Never was it more incumbent upon a scion of royalty to marry money.

Bulgaria chose the wrong side in the war. Drawn in by the tentacles of the Kaiser, she fought, and now she is paying the piper. By the terms of the peace treaty the country is compelled to pay

the Allies a sum equivalent to \$450,000,000. And hundreds of other millions are owing in external and internal debts.

Matters were not helped when old King Ferdinand, father of Boris, fled from his throne and his people and left ruin behind him, ruin due largely to his policies. With him he carried away millions, not a penny of which may be expected to drift back from the flinty old man so fond of his ease and comfort to his unhappy son. Since Ferdinand decamped with much of the royal treasury, leaving Boris only a throne, palace lawns have been turned into gardens and all manner of stringent economies practiced.

So until such aid is forthcoming as a rich American wife could bring Boris may well tremble for his life and reign over the turbulent Bulgars.

Only the other day Premier Stamboulsky told the young King in no minced or uncertain words of the sword that hangs over his head by no more than a hair.

"You shall reign, but you shall not govern," he said to his sovereign. "The people will never become a party of the palace. We will not tolerate a king following the dangerous paths of former sovereigns. Sire, you shall reign so long as you have the confidence and support of the majority of the people who could elect you as president of the republic. Sire, we do not treat you like the former sovereigns of old Bulgaria, but as the monarch of new Bulgaria, which knows only the national sovereignty. From this day there begins the govern-

ment of the farmers, who have been obliged down to the present to wage a war to the death against enemies from within and without. Sofia is our worst enemy. It is the center of the merchants and the headquarters of the parties which have for us implacable hatred."

That being the state of affairs, it behooves young King Boris to journey to the New World, whence have traveled Europeans since its discovery in quest of gold.

Let us imagine, then, that King Boris of Bulgaria is met with a council of state convened in extraordinary session under the pressure of a national emergency. And let us sketch out just such a conversation as may have taken place in that august assemblage.

"Your Majesty has failed in England," sternly reproves the old Premier. "The Princess Mary is married to another. Your royal suit failed also in our neighboring lands of Rumania and Greece. Your courtship was equally fruitless when you wooed the Princess Yolanda of Italy."

"But," breaks in the young King.

"But," the Premier resumes, "we are not yet prepared to condemn. There is still America."

"America," choruses the council hopefully.

"Your Majesty's opportunity is to marry an American girl. I shall now call for a report on those eligible to become Queen of Bulgaria," declares the Premier.

There is an impressive pause as the old statesman turns his head toward a young man toward the foot of the table who has filled a post in the American Embassy of Bulgaria. The young man rises.

"Miss Alice De Lamar," he nominates. And, coming at once to the main point, he adds, "Heiress to large part of a fortune of \$30,000,000."

A murmur of approval runs through the council.

"Pretty," the secretary continues, and King Boris smiles, though the council frowns as at an entirely irrelevant remark.

"The daughter of a man of mystery, Captain De Lamar, Dutch sailor, diver, trader, miner and financier and herself a girl of mystery," the secretary resumes. "A girl with a will of her own and a way of running things, among which might be—"

"Bulgaria," the Premier supplies. "Proceed."

"Miss Geraldine Graham," the secretary nominates. "Money there, too, although not so much. But she was called by that expert on such matters, the Prince of Wales, 'the most beautiful girl in the United States.'"

The handsome face of King Boris lights up, but the council glowers darkly and one old graybeard rises to a point of order.

"Muriel Vanderbilt, the daughter of the William K. Vanderbilts," the secretary suggests. "In the United States I found that was a name to conjure with. A Vanderbilt as Queen of Bulgaria would make of our court a glittering rival of Paris. Miss Vanderbilt has much poise and balance."

"In the bank you mean, I trust," the Premier interrupts. "Proceed."

"Another promising heiress," Miss Mackay, daughter of Clarence Mackay. Her mother is divorced and remarried. Her elder sister is betrothed. There should be no strings on the fortune of the girl. She, too, cuts quite a figure in society."

"But in the bank vault?" quizzes the Premier.

"She cuts coupons," the secretary supplies.

"Then there is Joan Whitney, daughter of wealthy Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney, of great social prowess."

"I might name a number of other promising young ladies," the secretary continues, "but the foregoing should serve His Majesty for at least preliminary consideration."

With that may be adjourned the important council session which we have imagined.

If King Boris does make his projected trip to America and seek to crown

some wealthy American girl as Bulgaria's Queen he is going to have his difficulties. He will have to be very persuasive indeed, for thrones lack the lure they once had.

She would find Bulgaria a lonely land, indeed, far from her friends. Other friends would be hard for her to find among a strange and foreign folk. The delight of shopping, theaters and so forth would be limited for her strictly in a country which still is rather primitive in many respects.

If Boris can outweigh these advantages with the crown he has to offer he may pick an American girl for a bride, but it will be she who does the deciding.